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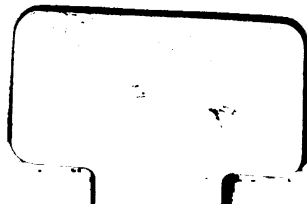
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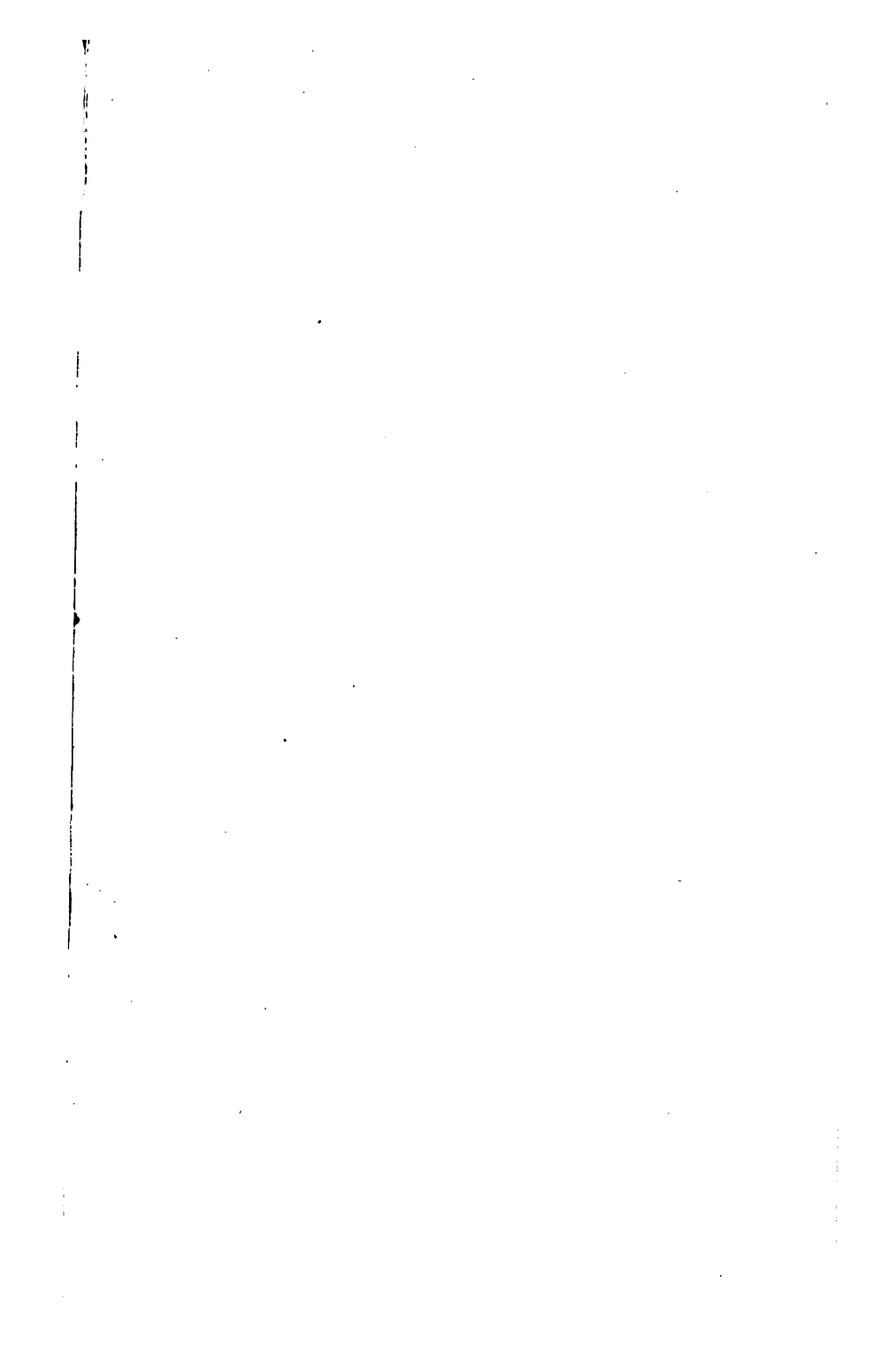
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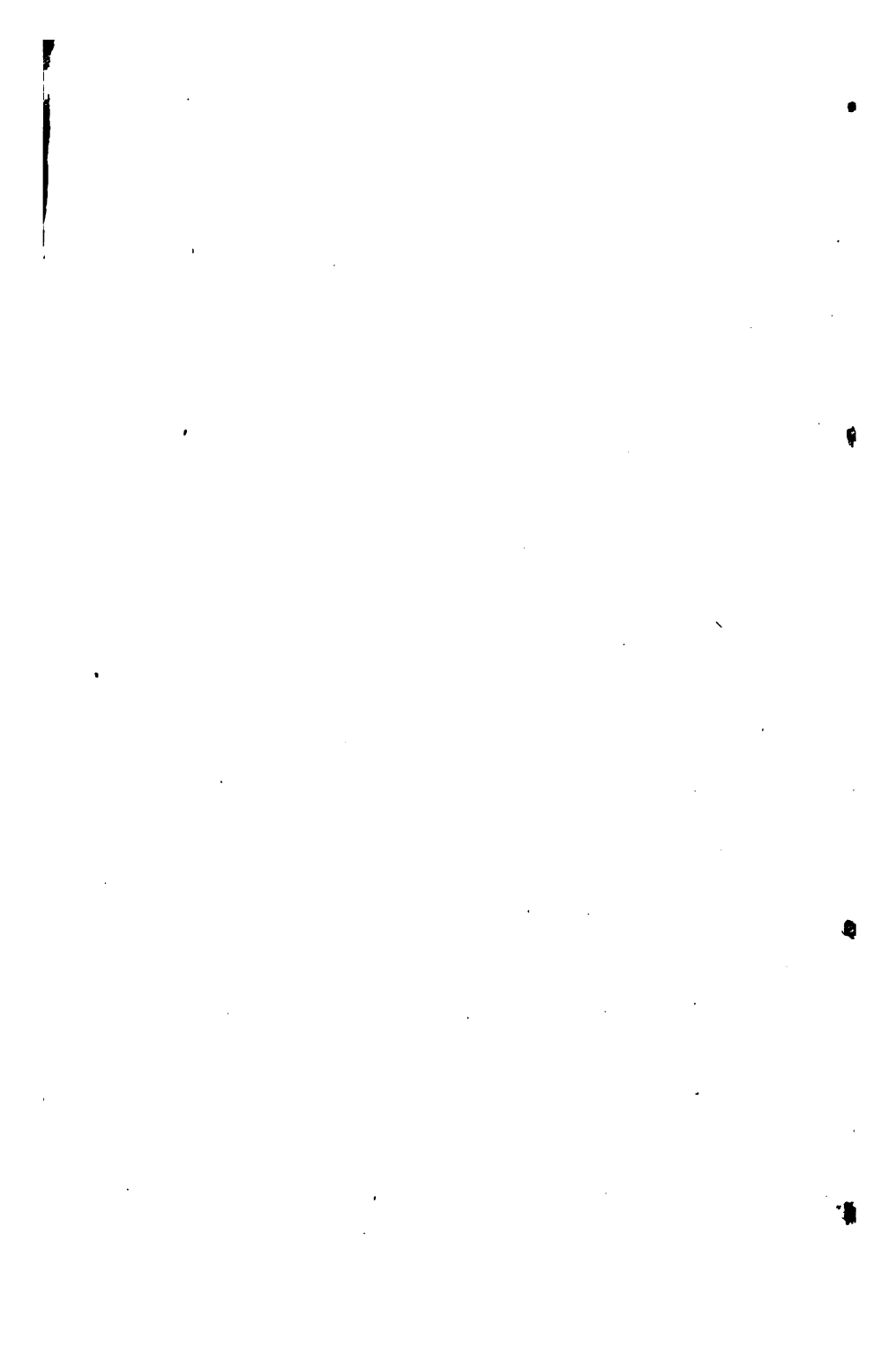
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1. No subject



NB1







The
Muse :: Poetic.



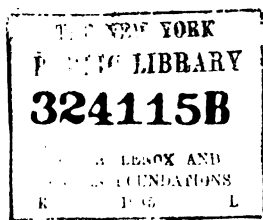
In Eight Cantos.



By A. Clifford Hawes.



NEW BEDFORD, MASS.,
1893.



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Contents.



	PAGE
CANTO I.	5
CANTO II.	16
CANTO III.	27
CANTO IV.	38
CANTO V.	49
CANTO VI.	60
CANTO VII.	71
CANTO VIII.	82

Endymion. 20 Aug. 1845

The Muse Poetic.



CANTO I.



I

America should be proud of her young men
And I have no doubt but she is; hung then
Should be all the boodlers, harmful intriguers,
And toasted be all the bicycle leaguers.

II.

Boosted should be all the good ones to better
Positions, and I'm pleased to give a letter
Of introduction to any such, to be handed
To a great-gun friend before they get stranded.

III.

For a fine sight go to Lucerne and see
Thorwaldsen's Lion, compared with a sand flea—
It is a grand monument, a noble chiseling;—
Be sure and see it when 'tis not drizzling.

THE MUSE POETIC.

IV.

Seems so it rains here quite all the time hence my
Warning. The moistures during summer dense lie
Twixt Mounts Pilatus and Righi yet, royalty
Goes here, here Americans show their loyalty.

V.

Ah! life is not that we had wished for it,
It changeth each day as we age, nor fit
Does it with the yesterdays of men still,—
Don't mistake—I don't say 'tis worse a ten-mill.

VI.

As dreary as the Swedish Kalmar Castle,
Lighter than anrae or a tinsel tassel,
More solemn than either great Bull Run battle
Is the fact that we are past the child's prattle.

VII.

You watch in the innocent child's play how,
Just like an old hen at roost in a hay-mow,
And flickering heat-waves 'tis quite void from care
Like, again, the white bear and cubs in some lair.

VIII.

Our great men belong to no particular
Age or generation.—this is articular,
Understand, from all my previous conceptions
And I'll have it printed upon captions.

CANTO I.

IX.

Mens agitat molem, this has been long settled
And is as old, perhaps, as pewter-metaled
Skillets, spoons, bowls and plates or, a platter
And as forceful as our best base-ball batter.

X.

It smacks more of talent and of learning
When one beyond worldly things is discerning ;
Go write up or else study anemology
Or, to mankind, make some sort of apology.

XI.

Go trap a lobster right here in our bay.
Whether the day be pleasant or quite lowery,
Then dissect the same by each part and particle.
And create then, a terse paper or article.

XII.

Cease all your persiflage, go chat with a dervis
And learn oriental customs and the service ;
Now weld to paper your thoughts in a treatise,
When you will find, what to the world, a treat is.

XIII.

But the trend of men's minds ever varies,
Like the colors do of many canaries
And, too, the douc and the little humming-bird —
This I have studied e'en more than I've heard.

THE MUSE POETIC.

XIV.

Some have high motive while others are only
Ancillary, but I have seen people lonely
Because so high up in position and rank,
Yet they weren't czars, nor men who to excess drank.

XV.

They were so high up that no one was quite good
Enough for them—sad, very. What kind of blood,
Presume you, courses thro' such veins? Not th' best
By long or all odds, nor bluest here doth rest.

XVI.

We are apt to think more and better of others
Great virtues than our own, but what bothers
It? It is right to think so, it spurs us
On and so the world gains more from us thus.

XVII.

Or, again, it is quite often true that a great
Man is far more honored and adored in state,
In a country other than his own yet, while
It seems strange to us, we must not stop to smile.

XVIII.

It is likewise a known fact that whom we
Admire we must not think to assume he
Is the lesser thankful for it,—still further
That he'll be sorrowful like was old Werther.

CANTO I.

XIX.

A man must certainly have other and higher
Attainments than ourselves, and with the true fire
Of genius possessing, to move us. He that
Shall have swayed us must have with the gods sat.

XX.

Byron says that "some good lessons are also
Learnt from Ceres and from Bacchus." 'Tis all so,
Perhaps, but Bacchus too oft got drunk to
Suit me — I'd rather agree with a monk true.

XXI.

Go read Herbert Spencer on Justice and
See whst he says on a woman's (no bland
Thoughts from *his* pen) "political rights." I agree
With him perfectly in this far as I see.

XXII.

I've formed a plan not to agree with any
One in quite everything and care not a penney
What they say of it. A man who says 'yes'
To everything puts us in much distress.

XXIII.

He convinces us that he knows but little
Anyway, and he had better go and whittle
Out the Goddess of Liberty and send
It to a World's Fair, then he'll be on the mend,

THE MUSE POETIC.

XXIV.

Or, at least, people will suppose that he
Knows *something*. I've been thinking of the fat fee
Some lawyers get — it must be a nice thing
To know law and thus a good surplus bring.

XXV.

I don't often philosophize like this
But it seems nice to think one can when his
Mind wills; ah! learning, that's the stuff! it moves
The whole world from out its old, wornout grooves.

XXVI.

I've just been looking inside the Browning
Home in Venice; strange place that with frowning.
Plain walls and strict simplicity. His ways
Were different from mine and, too, his lays.

XXVII.

I should have said I saw his home by picture,
But never mind, its just as well I'm sure;
Mistakes will creep in and of course I'm human
Though quite different from an old woman.

XXVIII.

Then, too, only this afternoon I have seen
(In picture) some old china plates and been
Studying about them. Some of them are sold
For high prices and go to some stronghold.

CANTO I.

XXIX

Some old china is lovely, *videlicet*:
Faience Delft jars, or e'en my jelly set —
But I don't care always to be pouring over
China any more than to be picking clover.

XXX.

Let's have learning e'en if we can't have else
Thence, forthwith, we shall shine like little smelts.
Now that Boulanger is dead, certain factions
Will, I have no doubt, criticise his actions.

XXXI.

But his army reforms were notably good
And of vast variety it is understood.
He was brave in war, a leader of his men,
Also had a lance thrust in his side when,—

XXXII.

When he was in an engagement with the
Annamites. His rashness (this is no myth a
Thousand years old) was remarked on all sides
And he was prompt and active as the Fall tides.

XXXIII.

This poke in the left side, which I speak of,
Was under the heart (all they that seek love
Know what the heart is) and, I think, much like
The Saviour's when they to a cross Him did spike.

THE MUSE POETIC.

XXXIV.

Boulanger survived this and went to France
To recouperate. I should like to have the lance
I'd send it to Washington and place it
In a museum so you could not efface it

XXXV.

From memory ; perhaps I'd stand it up beside
Abe Lincoln's cane, or put it right inside
The case with the Grant mementos. and some
Other famous things, that are rich and handsome.

XXXVI.

Then it would "echo through the halls of time,"
As Longfellow, who was born in our clime,
Has so aptly said. Longfellow! — he was a good
Man, I reverence him and all my country should.

XXXVII.

I'm going to have this one long poem, perhaps
The longest I shall ever write, old Sir Papps
Will be only second to it (this is fiction
For there is no such man in this jurisdiction).

XXXVIII.

But we'll suppose there was, like old Long John
Of the western pork-packing center, upon
Which we so much depend — all except the Jews
For this is a race that always pork refuse.

CANTO I.

XXXIX

Take for instance, a beautiful child's idea
That the stars are windows through which my dear
Sees the inmost heavens ; is not it pretty?
And she's the daintiest child in the city.

XL.

I do not say that the thought is correct,
From no book nor authority can you detect
The fact, and about the same I shall never hurtle
Simply because I have brains that are fertile.

XLI.

I cannot say if the next century will
Beat this ; when certain chemicals sent fury, ill
As it may seem, into the heavens and produced
Rain, my hopes of nineteen hundred reduced.

XLII.

Go take a donkey ride throughout old Cairo,
See the lazy Cairoeans smoking hasheesh — go !
See the lovely Saracenic architecture,
Softly rich ; it is a beautiful picture.

XLIII.

Smell the fragrant air, scented with hibiscus,
Poinsettas and bougainvillea and discuss
A dainty coffee in one Mooski street bazar. —
And this is orientalism not afar.

THE MUSE POETIC.

XLIV.

Enter Gizeh Museum and see the oldest
Of the whole world's statues, and the boldest;
Boldest because they are the most immortal.
From old tombs and such they have been brought all.

XLV.

This is the land of the Nubian sais who's
Ever with the hareem carriage, like a muse
And poet. Here the eunuch, surely no higher race,
Flourisheth, black as the coal in your fire-place.

XLVI.

And thus I have done with the old city Cairo, —
Now go to your club and play at faro.
Let there be peace throughout the land and a
Plenty of high polish like that on a landau.

XLVII.

Like the 'ifs' that hinder us, or like ships that
Kick the waves, like the marketman who dipts fat,
When trying out lard and slips occasionally,
Are most men, — that is to speak or rationally.

XLVIII.

It does obtain to higher ends without let
Or hindrance to well mark your pith outlet
Or, saying otherwise, tendency for good,
Together with your claims for living, — for food.

CANTO I.

XLIX.

What would you that I deliniat further,
About the Arctic explorers and the fur the
Fellows bring down to us for our own uses,
Or of grapes, gourds, guavas and their lone juices?

L.

I will make eyes of my fingers and grope
Through some old coal mines with the cherished hope
Of finding—but did I say *coal*? just have
It read *diamond*, 'tis grander like a conclave.



The Muse Poetic.



CANTO II.



I.

Get thee away, thou fickle hours of idleness,
None shouldst thee covet, thou art not bliss !
He who wouldst woo thee loses all his happiness
And steeps his soul with folly when he hath this.

II.

Whose thoughts run back to former days dwells not
With me today for I go on, not stopping
On my quick'ning pace, like the oak trees' rot,
For either noble prince or lordly king.

III

Let us descant aloud to the sick souls who
Hate the very sound of our voices and, thereby,
Turn their wrath into a cult and thus imbue
Them with an ongoing rectitude sturdy.

CANTO II.

IV.

I like the teacher who follows his teachings,
To such an one I am no detester ;
The preacher, too, who follows his preachings
And the man who does not easily fester.

V.

There is a health of the soul and a health
Of the body and I sometimes think he hath
The one who least thinks so, as if by stealth
He hath been given, so that he lose not faith.

VI.

I must make appeal to mem'ries' store-house
So that bathos will not creep in the poem
And make me feel that I've gone back to trouse
Before I've e'en finished the shorter proem.

VII.

It is neither my aim nor ambition
Nor intention to dwell too much at length
On the proem lest the lines afterward spun
Excel not in their high and Attic strength.

VIII.

The night is come ! The sable, starless and
Moonless night ! My pretty-eyed love and my
Rose-kiss'd cheeked love with her round, dimpled hand
Doth bide where the exotic furze doth lie.

THE MUSE POETIC.

IX.

When some great truth our maiden vows dislodge
And thus our souls to higher walks restores
We shouldst not cavil, but, with amity, forge
On accepting the wise measure and lores.

X.

May the fires erotic promote unselfish
Ways, laying quite low vain contumely.
Keeping us from coldness of the shell-fish ;
Thus we are to abduce toward diuturnity.

XI.

If we as poets would like to sell our work
Some great work shouldst we pen of pure fiction,
(Note you what folk 'round book-stores lurk
And what they buy) nor care much for diction.

XII.

Beneath the stark embrasure of the much
Cankered wall of the castle a lover dropt
His gauntlet, while on a very vain debauch,—
Chill the night and in the glove maybugs hopped.

XIII.

They (the maybugs) tho't their new home very strange
So many little rooms issuing into
One grand dance (?) hall and, round in a short range,
They gathered bugs and fire-flies not a few.

CANTO II.

XIV.

The fire-flies were to furnish wonted light
And betoken figures for the dancers,
But some over-frolicsome bugs got tight
And did not dance through the college lancers.

XV.

They found quite near the gauntlet a small flask,
(Not the kind that gunners use in quailing),
Yet the contents dwindled with a like small task
And one drew a bilbo and was railing.

XVI.

One, a *petit-maitre*, (for he was one
Of these,) began to blab and to bicker;
Turning the tables for a little fun
He showed some trinkets and 'gan to dicker.

XVII.

They danced until the "wee sma' hours" as Burns
Has it, in fact until the sun began
To rise. Now the knight for the glove returns
And each frisky, blithe bug away has ran.

XVIII.

But, I have dropt into a lower strain
Of poetic thinking for we shudder
At the thought of bugs as we do, again,
At ships at sea without sails or rudder.

THE MUSE POETIC.

XIX.

Gallants, I fancy, have no predilection
For such as these and they are unanimous,
To a man, that they have no jurisdiction
To hold forth, much 'gainst the bugs animus.

XX.

He, the noble lover I mean of course,
When he had found the much tinsel'd gauntlet
Saw it worn in spots but, yet, not much worse
Than when 'twas lost; but just a little wet.

XXI.

The ignoble marauders manifested
No outward show of displeasure till he
Left the scene of revelry. Man is tested
In like manner, yet with tranquillity.

XXII.

If I should introduce some hellenisms
The effusion would not be popular,
But yet the production would be like prisms
On chandeliers to the particular.

XXIII.

I've sat in Congress and heard debators
Debating on debates of national
Importance and they did, to our haters,
Hurl conceptions of gist most rational.

CANTO II.

XXIV.

I've heard speeches, as I said, in Congress
By such men as Reed, the mental giant,
I was sorry when I made my egress
He was so manly and self reliant.

XXV.

I may be ever so good a linguist
But need the soul to voice the same
And e'en the much needful element,—gist
And without these the argument were lame.

XXVI.

O make me a cenobite just for the
Space of tonight that I might solace my
Soul in that extreme quiet and succor
Receive for the sins which dost inward lie.

XXVII.

I've just been throwing off a few verses
To see if my pen was suitably nibbed,—
You know what th' singer does when rehearses
He. Note, I've to the pen, these lines ascribed.

XXVIII.

Things we often see we deem are common
Not thinking that, perhaps, people come miles
To view them, the protestant and mommon,
The Jew, the catholic and the gentiles.

THE MUSE POETIC.

XXIX.

Do not cast *les doux yeux* at your friends
For I am going to try and be a Poet,
And now and then an Attic sentence lends
Dignity, if it didn't I'd forego it.

XXX.

'Tis wise not to want what you cannot have,
The wanting of't will cause inward chafing
Like the moralist's theorizing, (to save
Us), over theses falling from their high fling.

XXXI.

Happiness is to be found in action
So occupy the time with useful cares.
Do not let yourselves be bound in faction,
Don't sit *les bras croisés*,—go pull tares.

XXXII.

Death! What is it? It is a going out,
An efflux of the spirit from the body,
A mingling of the spirit with devout
Oneness with God, the clay with parts soddy.

XXXIII.

All nature is putting on a new growth,
The sun's beams glow adown with much avid
Of nurturing force and seemeth quite loth
In its sapient course the earth to rid.

CANTO II.

XXXIV.

The dickens take us if I would demit
To cog a friend or strut with vain hauteur ;
He is a very bogus thing. to wit : —
He were fittest he that is quite demure.

XXXV.

Go eat a choke-pear for thy belly ache,
Or, hang ambition by distresses' door !
Now I intend the present age to wake
And to advance, at once, some modern lore.

XXXVI.

Our poesy must be grammatical,
Infused with Platonic wisdom or naught
Wilt seem our verses, much less Attical,
And we hadst missed what we hadst greatly sought.

XXXVII.

Then shalt we have honey from Hymettus,
Much fine gold from California and
Spices and colognes odoriferous,
Pearls from the deep and gifts both rare and grand.

XXXVIII.

Life is a problem which we all must solve ;
Look at old Nature, see how she performs,
She tempts us and is the last to absolve ;
Of perils and shocks she thus us informs.

THE MUSE POETIC.

XXXIX

Some trees demand much room, some not so much ;
They that are fragrant we grant an extent
But, yet, all of the trees have Nature's touch ;
With the shady the sweet-scented are blent.

XL.

I do not intend to make this canto
Of such great length as to tire the reader
Or the compositor for I can't (oh
That's a slip) if I wouldst be a leader.

XLII.

If I should condescend to write some long,
Dry essays or theses for moralists'
To theorize o'er the sale'd not be strong,
But yet I'd have of books some moral lists.

XLII.

What ever I do I, with the sophists,
Cannot agree and they must be dealt with
Something more stringent than merely soft fists ;
The same doth occupy my neareth kith.

XLIII.

Methinks he were a dullard quotha, he
That banters in badinage and straight thinks
It were e'en the exordium, if he
Will, to good breeding ; it hast leady clinks.

CANTO II.

XLIV.

It may seem strange to the superficial
And I do not care an English farthing
Or Persian daric, in man, the facial
Bent on character is not a far thing.

XLV.

Not that the world be round but that the world
Is is what I am going to at length
Discuss, certes, not so much the sphere hurled
Spherically, as the great peoples' strength.

XLVI.

The country, Europe, strong in it's armies,
Old Rome with her papal celibacy ;
While we look to Rome our eyne awry is
Toward Asia with Mount Everest racy.

XLVII.

Germany, France, Italy in paintings,
Italy especially in sculpture
And its grandiose tinted skies which clings
To the viewer and dost his soul immure.

XLVIII.

England hast done much in literati,
The United States likewise and in great
Inventors which I will have to rate i'
The ascendant of,— but I always hate

THE MUSE POETIC.

XLIX.

To make boast of my own country for I
Am an American, saturated
With Americanism, and proud of my
Native land which I've not over rated.

L.

England with her Shakspeare, her Lord Byron
(Of whom Westminster was much too small
His ashes to contain,—at least held on
To this thought) and others I'll soon recall.



The Muse Poetic.



CANTO III.



I.

In this canto I mean to show up men in
Their true light and I don't care a ten-pin ;
If they want to reply to it why they can.
We are admired more thus than if we ran.

II.

And I would have the public think well of me,
Even if the same could not always love me.
I shall probably treat lightly on politics,
If I can my mind on Apollo fix.

III.

Perchance an apothegm I may weave in
If I can get a nice woof to heave in
But, I sha'n't go so far as a harnspice
Nor, e'en yet so far as to harass this.

THE MUSE POETIC.

IV.

Naught shall tempt my pen save what I will it,
(I should like, under Sam, a good billet).
Naught shall hamper my footsteps for I wont
Have it, not a hamper of wine if I say don't.

V.

Let's have republicans and democrats and no
Third party. This splitting up is no grand show,—
I don't approve of it, it only makes one more
String to the bow. The *third* gets swallowed like Noah.

VI.

Of this I'll further speak in the next canto
And I may tell what doth make the ant grow,
But I'm not so sure of this as to promise
And I wouldn't be thought fickle like a storm is.

VII.

As innocent as cradled babes are the winds
That waft my thoughts throughout the world to minds
Of thinking people.. Let them remain so
Then I'll have no reason to disdain show.

VIII.

The heart is the seat of all love ; it is
The piece of furniture invaluable to this
Vast universe ; it is the pivot round which
Moves the world. It is like a wood-bound ditch.

CANTO III.

IX.

I'll go up above the clouds and look down,
And study thin air and things we jointly own;
I'll stray from things common to the poetical
And arrange them in order alphabetical.

X

There is one street in Rome, the old Corso,
That delighteth the mind perhaps, more so,
Because of its antiquities. In this,
You've seen, I've spared many an aphaeresis.

XI.

For artistic merits we must not o'erlook
The Piazza Colonna, standing in nook.
This old shaft is so round as well as straight
As to be noticable at any rate.

XII.

I've been thinking of a place where there are
Paintings,— they are in Palazzo Sciarra,
And are by Claude, Raffaelle and Titian,
Men whom, by their great skill, were patrician.

XIII.

If I had the means I'd go and see them,
Thus you'd cross the Atlantic and bestem
Her tides; and you could go by water all
The way and not descend a waterfall.

THE MUSE POETIC.

XXIV.

The mean, the tricky and miserable
Government of Russia's like a miser able,
Only, to count his gold. Read Kennon's papers
And see how this foul government capers.

XXV.

I have explicit confidence in Kennon,
He speaks so honestly, and when men don
The fearlessness and strength of purpose, which
He has, he's cherished in some favored nitch.

XXVI.

I don't mean that Kennon is great and will
Be remembered in marble through the still,
Future ages, but, he has done much to
Enlighten us on Russia in a touch true.

XXVII.

The old-time priest, Jerome, the satirical
Tacitus, (yet this is not a miracle),
And old Suetonius, who was cynical,
Underwent much 'neath many a pinnacle.

XXVIII.

So did Innocentius and old Hylas
Undergo much and, too, there was Silas.
Others are recluses, anchorites, cenobites,
And it has been said did the Isrealites

CANTO III.

XXIX.

Likewise did Kennon ;— think of the snow drifts
And low temperature he found ! A crow shifts
About oft times because of cold,— not so he
For on he went like a good knot dory.

XXX.

Kennon has told us much of Siberia,—
God bless him ! Now let him go to Liberia
And learn of that country some of its ways,
When he returns we have got some new craze.

XXXI.

But never mind the craze, we all admire
Pluck, push, perseverance, a man of fire,
Chine, chin (the last not in the vulgar though)
And rejoice when one doth evil over-throw.

XXXII.

God speed Kennon on in his good work for
Humanity, and against who shirk law ;
Aid him in his efforts to alleviate
Suffering, crush injustice with a lever weight.

XXXIII.

I never did, nor would, describe anything
That wasn't proper and never a penny ring
Or, again : nothing that was slab-sided,
Knock-kneed, or crab-toed, or crab-hided.

THE MUSE POETIC.

XXXIV.

I might touch on some monolithic slabs,
But I haven't time, and some mythic blabs
About the gods of old, or forgotten
Cities, or the product of the South, cotton.

XXXV.

And I might one day write some plays as did
Shakspeare, but I am as one who has rid
Himself of so much irksomeness, besides
One must have more time than with me abides.

XXXVI.

But I had rather have a tilt at arms,
Or see a pretty mirage down at the farms,
Or visit a neighboring bailiwick
And call on some friend, or else mail a brick.

XXXVII.

I did not mean to say *that* though; I'll take
It back, it was a mistake, so just make
It read *receive* a brick, a *gold* brick you must
Understand; and thence proceed with true trust.

XXXVIII.

The bible does not instruct us how we are
To spend our time,—the hero, saint and seer,
And I feel I must be entertaining if I
Am anything but not to tend to vilify.

CANTO III.

XXXIX.

God bless McKinley and his bill, God bless
The souls that have relieved us of distress,
Who have sought to relieve, or who *shall* seek ; —
What I am driving at I'll just give a peek.

XL.

Read George's 'land scheme' and his 'single tax'
Ideas, read Lowell and his jingle facts.
They are for our progress pure and simple ;
They are *helps*, not to look at like a dimple.

XLI.

We all have our ideas but don't all vent
Them,—some peoples thoughts are like a ball spent
Already. We all should frame our thoughts in subtle
Words and have them polished as a shuttle.

XLII.

Of Phaedo, Aristippus and Antisthenes
You must agree the one was, if you please,
The highest and the next was the latter ;
Morality comes first, then duty, then clatter.

XLIII.

But I suppose there are those that would place
Duty above morality yet, in the face
Of this, morality is *first* ; But there is
An high duty that is kinship with bliss.

THE MUSE POETIC.

XLIV.

Mare lerisium is about seventy-eight
Thousand square miles, and we think in this state
That that is some space. It is quite a large
Plain isn't it? larger than a barge or targe.

XLV.

I dote on golden and silvern sun-sets,
And like the exercise that a run gets,
And hate things nonsensical and foolish,
Not only that when they seem quite ghoulish.

XLVI.

I like to study the winds' velocity,
But 'tis my way to hold with animosity
Aught that's disheveled, lest it be artistic
Then it must be removed from the fistic.

XLVII.

I don't believe in doing, or of being
Good simply for some reward, or feeling
A waiter for extra attention, although
I have a retinue wherever I go.

XLVIII.

But, I suppose it is quite different
With me, unlike the man that doth suffer rent
To accumulate and servants' hire accrue,
Or his dollars to dwindle down to a few.

CANTO III.

XLIX.

'Tis an accretion that we want and must have,
Of all the good things obtainable, save
Good snuff, which I abominably abhor
As much, perhaps, as a thrust from a saber.

L.

I'm going to relate some startling things in
The fifth canto ;—you know a cartling brings in
On the summer sea-shore some dainty tots,
Well, 'twill be akin to that or painty cots.



The Muse Poetic.



CANTO IV.



I.

This reducing of ones thoughts to writing
Requires time,—*time* and very much of it,
But I'd rather write than do reciting
And it might be said I really love it.

II.

Like I ought to have said for we cannot
Love inanimate objects and scarcely
Some animate,—yet I mean no complot
Nor, yet, would I turn from truth aversely.

III.

If I have not I must make the time to
Learn metaphysics and ideation ;
The one, methought, would aid me to rhyme true,
The other, to divine a new creation.

CANTO IV.

IV.

I don't believe in metempsychosis

Neither think the soul regresses to chaos,
But hold to the thought in my way submit,
It hies above, without being verbose.

V.

Japan with its Japanese in carving,

Profound in their art, (not the kind which we
Yankees do Thanksgiving Day when halving
Turkeys), but ivory,— fine, infinitely.

VI.

England had her famous family Tudor,
And Cowper, Johnson, Pope. Southey, Dryden,
Gens de lettres who never *malus pudor*
Betrayed, so why should I them deride then ?

VII.

A virtuous action needs no liquidating, it is of
Itself liquidated. It *were* because
It were natural and high with pure love
In its naturalness,— needs no applause.

VIII.

Queen Margaret when she kissed Poet Chartier.
Finding him one day sleeping, said to her
Maid, "I kiss not the man I," said the fair,
"Kiss the soul that sings," we thus her reverse.

THE MUSE POETIC.

IX.

So it is with us, we think not so much
Of the outward man as we do the more
Beautiful, inner self, which is the good crutch
Which restores the world with the newest lore.

X.

Now the difference twixt old Pompeii
And Pompeii unearthed is much vaster
In fine artistic grandeur, the way I
See, than a rusty from a new castor.

XI.

But what will show my simile better,
With more averment, is a sterile tramp
Twixt a sterling, thrifty money-getter,
(I speak thus so as to show up the scamp).

XII.

Or, far better still, at Monte Carlo
The gilded hell-hole called the Casino
From,—well I don't know what,—my dog Carlo
Who follows on whene'er I horseback go.

XIII.

I've studied sun-sets and brilliant moon-lights,
Royal Worcester ware tea-sets and lamp
Lights (electric) and think natural sights
Exceed those of an artificial stamp.

CANTO IV.

XIV.

I never compare artists with artists
Or poets with poets save in a way
Of all fairness to each and it consists
In posing each on turrets (by-the-way).

XV.

Of course some turrets are of greater height
Than others, but I can't help that, it *should*
Be thus, for could you hold that I were right
In placing Shelley where great Shiller stood?

XVI.

I shall not here attempt to define which
One I hold in highest estimation ;
It may come out in time (here lies the hitch),
Natale solum bears on the relation.

XVII.

The soul shines through the mind and radiates
In all directions and, just so sure is
The heart mirrored in the visage the fates
Decree that the waves shall beat on the shores.

XVIII.

I should be very unwise If I should
Forget that there is in man an instinct
For truth yet I hold falsehood is the hood
Of knaves and the gallows is their precinct.

THE MUSE POETIC.

XIX.

Shelley, of Anglo-Saxon abstraction,
Was a Briton from his crown to his sole ;
Born of a country of which, in action,
Is conservative, yet it hath a soul.

XX.

Let us not show our backs to men but our
Fronts, so we maintain our manliness though
All the world go wrong, thus with our high power
Shall we have friends, *true* friends ; *this* do we know.

XXI.

We must learn to be magnanimous then
Do I forget all animadversion,
All sorrowing heart qualms we cease I ken
And, ergo, we issue a new version.

XXII.

If I lose a friend because I perform
Today a wiser and nobler action
It is well it is so for through the storm
I have gained *real* friends that men do not shun.

XXIII.

'Tis morn ! The sun revives the sluggard from
His bed of woe and Nebla (whom my Muse
Hates) comes from his sulphury depths to strum
His Phorminx and to chance his woeful ruse.

CANTO IV.

XXIV.

At first thought I, in no wise, considered
His talents worth mentioning, yet, there is,
Or, rather was, (though 'twas nipped in the bud)
A book of his written on old Venice.

XXV.

Some underlying growth of mental sway
And clearness, which dost make bold to assert
Itself Aonian in its light way
And tending, showed which we must not pervert.

XXVI.

Up in old Venice down in the market
Place I shall lay a scene little short of
The romantic, in some points, and stark it
Will be, not in antithesis, but love.

XXVII.

The *Dramatis Personae* are Patrice,
A "winsome wee thing", rosy and sprightly,
Graceful and slight and, withal, very nice
And her Mamma Hester less sightly.

XXVIII.

The day was very sultry and avid
When Nebla strummed his aforesaid Phorminx,
Drawing his afflatus from the sacred
Song he sang to priest, merchant and sly minx.

THE MUSE POETIC.

XXIX.

The day would surely make a sphinx turn pale
Of fright at sun stroke but Patrice sidled
Toward the player. The music, like the wail
Of a Hindoo, the gathered throng diddled.

XXX.

I said Patrice sidled toward the player ;
'Twas much the same as in the jungle when
The king of beasts is pounced on by the slayer
Save less cautiously and there was no fen.

XXXI.

His voice seduced her heart it was so sweet
And people from the Grand Place of St. Mark,
Stopping their gondolas, listened at his feet
To the mellifluous tones till it was dark.

XXXII.

Now the tones were modulated and now
They rose up loftily to the blue sky.
At first it seemed as if he knit his brow
With enmity then, forthwith, he mounts high.

XXXIII.

He lilted out like merry birds afield
Nor realized the pangs of heart he caused,
But when the song had ceased Patrice did yield,
(Strange thing too) and gave him a charm emboss'd.

CANTO IV.

xxxiv.

Of course he knew her not, but, her carriage,
Her dark eyes and her fine chiseled features
Did much for her finally, in marriage
Ending like unto good, worthy creatures.

xxxv.

Now I'm going to be paradoxical
For I must state the matter just as 'twas,—
As the evening advanced she made a call
On Nebla, 'tis my tenet, without cause.

xxxvi.

But Nature, at times, mysteriously
Works, and in this tessellated city
As well as others, though less seriously
Than those of far greater capacity.

xxxvii.

The flowers which she brought to him were orchids
Which was more in keeping than fine trousers,
Diamond rings, silk handkerchiefs or kids ;
These are for revellers or carousers.

xxxviii.

He took the matter well at heart, thought and
Considered the same whether or no some
Other fair one had not a prior demand
On him, trusted his conscience then wrote home.

THE MUSE POETIC.

XXXIX.

But one moment, — they sat and munched new figs
And pistachios, talked o'er things epicene,
And not the persiflage of foolish prigs;
Lampooned no one and all went on serene.

XL

There is a something in man's voice which we
Respect or disrespect, and in a *lady's*
Manner which we must admire and which we
Adore, like to keen-eyed Turkish cadies.

XLI.

There is a something in mens' hearts which yearns
For the ideal whether it be for books,
A noble wife, a home (the false it spurns)
Fine old bronze urns, or, ancient shepherds' crooks.

XLII.

'Twas thus with Patrice, 'twas so with Nebla
When he laid the matter before Hester.
His plea was fair and he felt far abler
Than from a bout in Grecian palestra.

XLIII.

Here begins my epithalamium,
My wish for their unshaken prosperity.
Let their wine of life be pure, naught of stum
Be needed, knowing not asperity.

CANTO IV.

XLIV.

Behold the sunny features of Patrice
And those of him who leads her to sacred
Hymen's Altar,—the one twain of Venice !
O, peace rest on each young and tawny head.

XLV.

No not *tawny* for his was a jet black,
But the word seems catchy so I weave
It in the hymenean as I lack
News of the tour, and here I will it leave.

XLVI.

What thoughts occupied them at this moment,
Suppose you, after the trying ordeal,
After the prebend to the priest is spent ?
Does not the newness seem to them ideal ?

XLVII.

Orion in his stellary height peeps
Down with eye askant into the bridal
Chamber and on the fairest bride that sleeps ;
He showeth forth to them both his pride all.

XLVIII.

Let the goodly inheritance of their
Fathers visit the children and, also,
The children's children making their lives fair.
If thoughts be pure they cannot well fall so.

THE MUSE POETIC.

XLIX.

The ancient general who, conquering
The world, and sighing because of no other
Worlds to conquer must needs have felt the sting
Of conscience or sure found life a bother.

L.

Not so with these young, earnest Italians
Who were much wrapped one in the other, nay,
Not so! They knew not much of battalions,
Cared less for wars than for some noble lay.



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THE MUSE POETIC.

IV.

Let us decide to treat all dumb animals
With kindness, and have bullets for cannibals.
For my part I am fond of pets, the horse,
For instance, and perhaps the birds no worse.

V.

The advocacy of arbitration doth mean
An higher civilization and it is seen
That peace congresses tend in no less degree
Toward tranquillity and high liberty.

VI.

Litters of pigs or pups are well enough,
I suppose, in their places, but the *stuff*
Isn't there ; they can't hold a candle to chemistry,
Tetralogy, a soothsayer or history.

VII.

I'd rather freeze out a political enemy,
Or drown out a musk-rat than have any, my
Friends, of the stygian about me ; or go
Mend disruption, or hear Handel's Largo.

VIII.

Here are a few topics for some good novels :
Two Men, Two Women, One Man with Two Shovels,
A Cat in a Garret, A Dog and a Goat,
And A French Nurse, With Two Children, Afloat.

CANTO V.

IX.

Two Young Ladies from Texas at Welsley,
A Greek God, and, The Young Girl's Name was Leslie ;
How could He ? Something as Nice as Honey,
She Went, and, What Did He Do With His Money ;

X.

A Thing of the Past or Future, Which ?
A Super-Human Strength, and, Ah ! There's the Hitch ;
I have evolved others and will recite them,—
Here's a good one : How Could He Indict Them ?

XI.

O ! how can I leave this, I'm chockfull of
Subjects,— here's one now : The Cork Bull Above,
And again : Her Consecrated Faith, and, Ammi,
To rhyme to mammie, Sammy and clammy.

XII.

It is primal and final with me not to have
One word fall short of the mark. It is brave,
I presume, to say not *one* word, but I'll
Vary that a little, saying, only once in a while.

XIII.

This is more consonant I think, at least
It should be, as to good white-bread is yeast.
I don't hide behind a reredos, what I
Say is open thus avoiding being sooty.

THE MUSE POETIC.

XIV.

I'm fond of horse-beck riding, and to straddle
A prime, first quality pigskin saddle
Is my delight being far from tittle-tattle,
The which is vainer than some little cattle.

XV.

Here are some subjects for songs, (much depends
On good subjects, perhaps than the ends).
She Was My Only Love, Her Coveted Hope,
Shoo! They Are Catholics, and, Love-Lighted Scope.

XVI.

He Kissed Her on Each Cheek, O! Why Should He?
Unloved and Unsought, *Ouvrier*, and, Would She?
An Old Rebound Copy, and, Bound in Vellum.
Gilt Top Uncut Edges, Here Dog Go Smell Um!

XVII.

He Wooed to Win, Born of Despair, *Quelque Chose*,
Suum Cuique, An Inventive Head, What are Those?
Verisimilitude, She's a Baby, Oh No!
Nine Out of Ten, and, Three Girls and One Beau.

XVIII.

Some Ancient Legislation Humbugs and
Inconsistencies, She Played in The Band,
Business Then Pleasure After, Nomenclature,
His High and Sure Aim, and, Slow Men Pay Sure.

CANTO V.

XIX.

Grandly He Thought Nobly Carried Out, Rout
The Villain, Twice Thrice, She's Grown Very Stout,
A Jug Full of Pleasure, High Up, Menace,
She Was in a sense Poetic, and, Lawn Tennis.

XX.

This, I believe, closes up the song business.
Now I'll—O! here's another one: And His Dress;
Now I will resume the plot if plot there
Be with all my great ability and care.

XXI.

It is just, it is right, it is legal
To have the latter for some novels regal
But they are intended for some sweet, short
Songs, no drinking songs though, but full of thought.

XXII.

Sesquipedalian my words have never been
That, if you study me, you have plainly seen;
With just enough of *facetiae* not to be silly,
And I haven't once brought in popes or a filly.

XXIII.

The Vale of Tempe I might treat on, yet it
Is too eerie for my pen, I might get it
Broken, and vales and things of this sort charm me
Not; not that I think though that they'd harm me.

THE MUSE POETIC.

XXIV.

They don't amount to shucks or Hannah Cooke,
If I must tell you, and before e'en a book
Was thought of, the ancient bards had described
The Tempe on parchment, thus I'm circumscribed.

XXV.

They did it well too, all praise be to them ;
They have their reward from way stern to stem.
Their's was inherent worth, an inborn thing,
An inspiration roused them and did sting.

XXVI.

But, while I think of it, I've seen parchment
As old as the hills ; you know what an arch meant,
Erected by ancients, wasn't it quite strong ?
Built to *stay*, unlike a real old slave's wrong.

XXVII.

The parchment was wrote on way back in B. C.,
And was very well preserved as we see
Or, rather, *I saw*. It was in New York,
And in a building where crowds come to talk.

XXVIII.

It is a beautiful sight to see man
Pay homage to man as I've heard Zerrahn
Pay homage to Handel. You should have heard
Him reasoning, followed him word on word.

CANTO V.

XXIX.

The exiled bell of Uglich I think is pretty
Aged, cast in fifteen ninety-three ; I'm not witty
Either, if it is not historic, too, —
You know, perhaps what did Shakspears' Yorick do.

XXX.

There's many a worthy man in exile in
Siberia ; read up on this and th' next style gin.
Some of the exiles exist only in byres ;
Russia's officials are consummate liars.

XXXI.

Tetrastich I've done writing, I'm going to
Write long poems hereafter, I'm throwing due
Only where it belongs, when I say, my forte
Lies in that direction where there is thought.

XXXII.

I would not wallow in the stink of shame,
Nor would I ever marry an old dame,
Not e'en if she's endowed with ability,
For it doesn't taper toward utility.

XXXIII.

What a blessing is the instantaneous
Photography, 'tis untemporaneous
And not like, what I am pleased to call trowsers —
How the styles change, they're so unlike carousers.

THE MUSE POETIC.

XXXIV.

With this mode of taking pictures you can catch
Old nervous women, horses and yachts on th' stretch,
Crooks, birds flying, the enemy running away,
Twinkling stars and lightning at close of day.

XXXV.

Mad dogs chasing cats, and cats catching rats,
Pole jumping, and boys and girls watching bats,
Vaulting and many things that I cannot think
Of,— O ! and a man jumping off a brink.

XXXVI.

A man, too, in the act of mixing drinks,
And deer grazing, cattle and a fleeting minx ;
In fact it revolutionizes from an art
View. Now paintings will look dif'rent in the mart.

XXXVII.

It takes each leaf on wielding trees, each crest
On tossing waves, a bird on leaving nest,
Each swaying floweret so you can almost
Count them but not a soul when it is lost.

XXXVIII.

Let the best horse win, that is my mottoe,
Let the best cyclist too, for he ought to.
From squirrels' jump to the end of the road,
Though, the cart horse can take the biggest load.

CANTO V.

XXXIX

I despise the one who will have scrimages
Over old wooden gods and graven images,
And I hold aloft quite from curio hunters —
The new things I'm fond of off new counters.

XL.

The sinking sun like the embers on a
Slumbering, smouldering hearth looks ; it doth don a
Dreamy mien like unto a distant, soft-toned
Bell tolling in the ears of the soft boned.

XLI.

“Honor thy father and thy mother” not,
Understand, “that thy days may be long” but
Because they *are* “thy father and thy mother ;”
For thy being you must thank no other.

XLII.

Because you are accountable to them for
Your very existence. Now do you blame law?
Nay, you do not. And because, again, it
Is best, as sometimes we put milk with rennet.

XLIII.

I would have you think the lamp of Aladdin
Shone bright o'er me as the glory of Saladin,
And were as merry as an old Scottish
Halloween, or lively waltz, or a schottische.

THE MUSE POETIC.

XLIV.

Unknown to misanthropy, nor quizzical
Yet, the possessor of a being physical.
Read up in Asphodel and old Vishnu
And an apostle to all those, who wish new.

XLV.

I do not lay any claims to an aphorist,
And I do not know as yet, if Sappho kiss'd,
But presume she did sometime, and I am
As unknown to antiphrasis as Siam.

XLVI.

I do apococate sometimes, to be sure,
But not often, yet that is the embrasure
Through which I shoot my wit and, through the which
I often see my way clear to a new stitch.

XLVII.

I judge a man's religion by what he *does*
And not by the church he may attend (the cause
I sha'n't state here), and not by his transgressions —
Then 'tis *unreligion*, nor his possessions.

XLVIII.

Our hearts run out in sympathy for the good
Of all ages, and we owe much to the mood
Of our forefathers, the founders, pioneers,
And inbringers, and they may well have our cheers.

CANTO V.

XLIX.

I'd be in touch with refinement and beauty
If it cost a leg, since I think it duty,
And Mnemosyne I'd get on the right side of
As one must to see properly a pied dove.

L.

This subjunctive canto must now be ended.
Just the same as things more earthly ; blended
I have thoughts of moment and they are serried,
Still, I've meditated and not hurried.



The Muse Poetic.



CANTO VI.



I.

What would you now, that I discuss Shiller?
Well, then in this third unprudish canto
I shall make ready to blow a shriller
Blast for fame, show who did the folk rant o'.

II.

Frederick von Shiller, of extraction
Teutonic, not only held fine thoughts but
Well knew how to bring them into action ;
Swam in deep waters like the halibut.

III.

I shall not wage a lengthy discussion
Lest I incur a foul ignominy.
An incubus or, perchance, concussion
And would, methought, savor rather winy.

CANTO VI.

IV.

Then I would ne'er give hire to a proxy;
Though I might save a pen it's no puncto
And then, by some, I might be thought foxy
And in my art I would be quite skunked too.

V.

I had far rather write a long prologue
Than a shorter criticism, on a man
Whom I must admire, (or an epilogue),
For high achievements as solid as pan.

VI.

I'd rather the Russian Kremlin describe
Or, the Cathedral of the Assumption,
Than to be a biographical scribe
If even, had I the merest presumption.

VII.

The Kremlin with its strange, chimerical,
Tsarika Room with its deep embrazured
Windows and massive gilt girders recall
Other centuries,—thus they are assured.

VIII.

Then the old Terem with its banquet hall
And rare plate, which is displayed when the Tsars
Pay their visits, on a buffet. Some tall
Crudences are shown and fine graven gold jars.

THE MUSE POETIC.

IX.

The Terem in true old Muscovite style
Is quite different from the cold facade,
In masonry of stone, that dost lie file
On file which can stand many an enfilade.

X

We must remember this, that Schiller, schooled
In early life in studies which did not
Befit the man, together with being ruled
Too rigidly soon made him grieve his lot.

XI.

These grievings and misgivings ripened to
Displeasure for Stuttgart. His preceptors
Were too narrow thinkers for the boy who
In after-life, was honored by scepters.

XII.

He became at once the glory and pride
Of all Germany as did the great bard
Goethe, his contemporary. Side by side
They lie at Weimar entombed with regard.

XIII.

Thousands make pilgrimage to the little
Chapel, where they are enshrined, and flowers strew
O'er their oaken coffins, yet my tittle
Of encomium doesn't their full worth shew.

CANTO VI.

XIV.

Shiller was of no common clay and he
Was notable for pathos and, as it
Suited him, invective; tranquillity
Was his; he admired the grand more than wit.

XV.

'Round their coffined clay in this Grand Ducal
Vault (to show the difference 'twixt accident
Of birth and Genius) you see, when you call,
Bronze caskets of dukes, forgotten ere they went.

XVI.

Finished my panegyric I now wend
On to new thought-fields and shall, no doubt, trump
Some conception which might, perhaps, portend
The folly or wisdom of a camel's hump.

XVII.

The good ventures of men if they be but
Successful shall be attended by our
Plaudits, but, if unsuccess prevail what
Are they to do but to use newer power?

XVIII.

To offer up some doleful wail as Dirge
Of Menephtah I am not given; 'tis grander
Far, perchance, we in the mood feel, to urge
Thoughts on Persian Satraps or, salamander.

THE MUSE POETIC.

XIX.

O thou quivering, beautiful insect
Wondrous fly of charming presence, O thou
Butterfly sylphlike, airy integral detect
I somewhat of fantasy in thee enow.

XX.

Ought not we men to think that as our best
Thoughts are not of ourselves that they are from
The divine? Two souls meet: it is the behest
If they be counterparts there is no strum.

XXI.

In all these quatrain stanzas I have not
Discussed the giant dread Cormoran, nor,
Will I for I do intend that my plot
Shall teem throughout with men of rhythmic law.

XXII.

Cormoran, who swooped down on th' purlieus
Of Marazion, with the advancement
Of thought had naught to do, like Orpheus.
He, the fell monster, on pillage was bent.

XXIII.

'Tis not so difficult a thing to learn
To love a manly man, one who can free
The slave, quell a riot yet, who can never spurn
To nurse the leper or, to limn fine tracery.

CANTO VI.

XXIV.

The world is getting old and so are we,
Some people are as smart as whips and steel-traps
While some have the poise and alike parity
Of the inventors who invent new eel-traps.

XXV.

For a weird and romantic pass, I trow,
Nothing can exceed Fern-tree Gully, Gippsland
Lest it be Eucalyptus Forest though,
And even then they are both on the same land.

XXVI.

The one is the more parasitical
While the other a horseman could well ride thro';
The bell, lyre, whip-bird, (to be analytical),
Break the quiet when new sentiments betide you.

XXVII.

The magpie and parrakeet charm the ear,
Tease the imagery in their blent songs
And rosellas, lories, marvelous to hear,
Share their honors with the various throngs.

XXVIII.

The swoln, upwelling notes lend eclat to
The land where few brumal winds carouse, nor,
Is this all for it doth produce vertu
In one and high respect for Nature's law.

THE MUSE POETIC.

XXIX.

Resplendent hues orchids grow and flourish
And abound which offers the criteria
That a hot climate conduces to nourish
A like vegetation in large area.

XXX.

Golden wattles contribute their quota
Of beauty and fragrance yet their accretion
Than the magnolias is not an iota
More astounding nor, yet, their completion.

XXXI.

Just to heighten the effect I will here state
That the bell-bird's mellifluous notes swell
Through the still air; only at sunset abate
The complete delusion through hill and dell.

XXXII.

One thinks 'tis church bells tolling from afar,
The low, soft rings that float upon the ear
'Till some well-advised friend, lest he mar
The effect, says gently, no vestal bells you hear.

XXXIII.

At night-fall booms the bittern along some
Sedgy bank, the curlew's wail, the crane's harsh
Cry hears the rapt listener, until, doth come
Another break of day along the marsh.

CANTO VI.

XXXIV.

Gullies of tree-ferns with o'er-hanging fronds
Enchant the soul, speak to the higher mind,
(A sort of tether, just like marriage bonds).
Prettier than sugar when it's refined.

XXXV.

In writing poetry 'tis the true Poet's aim
To escape all verbiage and, Dante
E'en dealt much in systole which, I would claim,
Gives lively interest unlike andante.

XXXVI.

I never attempt to describe a thing,
Unless I am well versed in the matter,
And all this would quite much dishonor bring
And savor much of the monkey's chatter.

XXXVII.

Perhaps the grandest of all the world's great
Forests, and certainly the one of large
Oaks and beeches, the one where men of state
Rode to the hunt and made wild boars their targe,

XXXVIII.

And deer, and wolves, and bears, is Fontainebleau.
(It was cherished by great artist Millet,
And seemed to him as a mountain tableau
Of some imaginative hill and hillet).

THE MUSE POETIC.

XXXIX.

Cherished, I just said, with a feeling quite
Akin to love and he was to the world
An idealist and God will requite
Him. He was as grand as a flag unfurled.

XL

What Biskra is to Sahara Desert
Millet was to the people, or, again :
What the Vizier is in Turkey he wert
In art and thus we a great artist gain.

XLI.

My aim in poesy's to be so intensely
Interesting to my readers as to
Please them most completely and immensely
And to wreath a sort of poetic lasso.

XLII.

There is a law of order exquisite
In itself and profound in its sway which,
Nurtured into action, is requisite
For hope and, in Fame, occupies a niche.

XLIII.

If, as I hold Russia's th' most miserable
Of all old Earth's nations her compunction
Must be great, yet, she *might* be capable
To examine America's high function.

CANTO VI.

XLIV.

The tomb of Mahomet at Beejapere
Is not so dear to the Americans,
As the one in Boston of Paul Revere,
Or, exploits of Stanley 'mongst the Africans.

XLV.

Eaton Hall, the Duke of Westminster's seat,
In quaint old Chester, is about as grand
A sight, as a skilled circus-rider's feat
Or, a game of base-ball from the grand stand.

XLVI.

If it were not that, perchance, my pen is,
(If not alway then quite often) flighty,
I would practice up more on lawn tennis
And try in that broad field to be mighty.

XLVII.

All life is somewhat liken to the ocean ;
We are born, we live, we do and we die,
Or, in other words, we drink our potion
Making hardly a ripple as we hie.

XLVIII.

The crest of ocean closes o'er our head,
Others fill our places as best they may.
All this and more through Nature is inbred,—
The moral's what? — Work on while yet 'tis day.

THE MUSE POETIC.

XLIX.

No trace upon the ocean can be found,
After an hour's departure, of the vessel,
No foot-worn paths for the sailor out-bound
And none can be beaten how ere large the pestle.

L.

But strive on friend for God doth will it thus,
What virtue there's in man let's have it out ;
Do that which seems beautiful within us,—
But, I'll now close the canto,—*voilà tout.*



The Muse Poetic.



CANTO VII.



I.

Note the difference in fowl's combs, there is
A vaster one than there are kinds of fairies
In short, 'tis quite surprising ; we have the V,
Prong, antler, single, rose, cup, leaf, strawberry, pea.

II.

This is a subject which absorbs much interest
'Long the Mediterranean, where winter-nest
Doth vie with summer run in their wonted
Completeness — but now I begin to feel haunted.

III.

Haunted not like an *esprit follet* but with
A legion of mneomonics that, like a sythe,
Would cut their way thro' the world should I mouth
Them ; forthwith I think they would quell a drouth.

THE MUSE POETIC.

IV.

I am as solemn as the old mosques of Amer
And Touloun, or El Hakim though lamer,
Perhaps, in religious fervor than the Muslims
When I say this, yet, sublime as a fir's limbs.

V.

Like the man, thinking of somewhat to say,
Gives utterance, when he finds it sounds away
Different as it is voiced and tries to recall
The thought is he who is about to fall.

VI.

I've tried to commit and memorize th' nomenclature
Of anatomy, but would rather row men clear shore
From a remote island, or, down on the Styx,
Or Kojiki mythology in my mind fix.

VII.

Or go to a Shem-en-Neseem festival and
Pluck lovely flowers and, too, hear the band (?)
Or look at pretty Palissy ware, or serry
Some books in my book-case, or try to be merry.

VIII.

Or dwell in spirit with our Websters and Clays
And study their caliber, and learn their ways,
Or travel abroad, which is verisimilar,
Or read up on same which is very similar.

CANTO VII.

IX.

Or go some evening and see a saraband,
And perhaps take part, so coalesce in hand
If not in heart. Or even to have a fishers'
Likes, or put down capitalists avaricious.

X.

Or restore some sort of order with a gavel,
Or rather seek out a robbery and ravel
Its mysteries, or see a Japanese earthquake,
Or present to some friend a nice birth-cake.

XI.

Or pen some anecdotes of English clergymen,
And — well I'm beginning to wield a dirgy pen
'Tis sillier to seek redress for impunities
Imposed upon one than write slim June ditties.

XII.

And, likewise to insist that glory is for the
Idler as well as worker still, to go further,
To attempt to alienate our gifts or sate
And sympathize lovingly with an ingrate.

XIII.

I nominate that we take up sides with labor
And labor movements, and not impugn neighbor
Toilers, opposing all those apt to quiddle —
When the work is done then take up the fiddle.

THE MUSE POETIC.

XIV.

Let not thy temper sway thee into actions
Unseemly (this is addressed to factions) —
And I might wax eloquent in far-reaching thoughts
On this alone ; it certainly promotion wroughts.

XV.

I might write up on this in an alibi,
And I need but even to simply scarify
My intelligence to wrest from it enough
To oust all the unbelievers with rebuff.

XVI.

Truly this is friendship, when a man doth slack
Anothers thirst, bathe wounds, sooth pains, have knack
To nourish hunger. This is noble, this is good
And needs to be learned to be understood.

XVII.

One man can do one thing well, and another
Man can do another thing well, but bother
If I don't think chicane enters largely into
Some mens' lives, and I believe that they sin too.

XVIII.

King David of old drove a most delightful
Poetical pen, though never a spiteful
One, for he was a poet as well as king
And soared way above the simple ' ding-dong, ding.'

CANTO VII.

XIX.

I might arrange my words so, when they're read,
With the aid of a jot or iota of head
Imagination, they'd sound like a gushing brook,
Cyclone, or a fish just taken off a hook.

XX.

A horse trotting and the Niagara Falls,
A roaring fire, the shuffling of feet at balls,
Rustling leaves and almost a child crying,
Croaking frogs and wind through pine trees sighing.

XXI.

But I'll abstain for this feat would place me
Too far above men ; then 'twould erase thee,
Reader, from my mind and I don't care to ride
The poetic steed along that high tide.

XXII.

I mean to drive Pegasus on *terra firma*
Where I can rein him in at will ; murmur
Not though if, perchance, he to the clouds ascends,
'Tis only temporary and at last ends.

XXIII.

To be involved in jurisprudence so's to
Swoop down upon men, the same as crows do
In corn fields, is a very wrong tendency,
And is in action a redundancy.

THE MUSE POETIC.

XXIV.

I've always said I'd stick up for womans' rights,
But still not overlook a true man's fights
For honorable mention — both should be trued up,
Likewise the worker who may be glued up.

XXV.

Is he of lesser attainment to receive
The compensation of the larger to relieve
His wants, his desires? I can not think so.
The one must fly lower and must drink low.

XXVI.

Instilled in the very hearts of men is honor,
Trust ; but only educate, get a corner
On learning. I would familiarize with the
Hours' higher question, study up the zither.

XXVII.

Delve in rococo, consort with the sages
Of the present, also in the past ages.
Dive into the historical and interesting
Language of the Copts, avoid sin to nest in.

XXVIII.

Swim round in diapered brickwork, the tower of
Saragossa is built of it— 'twill sour love
For imitation or else I miss my guess ;
Play a game of cribbage or one of chess.

CANTO VII.

XXIX.

Hear sewing-circle chatter, semi-circle clatter —
At the race-course, understand, is the latter.
Discern the sex of flowers, 'tis a punctilio
Then learn how fast a chinese junk will go.

XXX.

Go sit in a kiosk and dream o'er the past
Glories of Turkey and Persia, and last :
Describe in verse chameleon-like opals,
And mingle much in your Coustantinoples.

XXXI.

But, again : I cannot stop here — pardon me ;
Jump into statecraft, if that don't harden thee,
That is, I mean intellectually strengthen
Thee you've missed th' motive, your days don't length'n.

XXXII.

Reduce to algebraical exactness
A nondescript reliquary to compactness —
Reduce in writing, with contents, till sated,
Till you think you will not be underated.

XXXIII.

Sing your song, write your ode and play your part
Then, ceasing, let the public judge your heart
And wag their tongues, according as they think.
Some will cajole, giggle e'erwhile others wink.

CANTO VII.

XXXIV.

Study an old style harpoon just dug out of
A giant bowhead whale, then read about love
In a cottage, now invent a new forte,
(The cottage is situate over in Newport).

XXXV.

Mind takes hold on matter, not matter on mind ;
It bests the most of us to be always kind.
Violate no friendship, friend, that you hold dear,
We honor such heroes as was Paul Revere.

XXXVI.

There's Belisarius, look into his life,
The Vandals feared his glaive, sword, or his knife,
Or what e'er he fought with more than the noise,
In Cairo streets, caused by the donkey boys.

XXXVII.

And more than an old harem hubble-bubble,
Or a farmer fear to walk through so much stubble,
Try to learn more of the old town of Tivoli
Together with ancient and modern chivalry.

XXXVIII.

Any such thing helps and tends to train the mind ;
Who would not apply himself must stay behind.
Form a quincunx and play puss in the corner,
Laugh with the laugher and mourn with the mourner.

THE MUSE POETIC.

XXXIX.

Descend an ice-terrace of four thousand feet,
Just for exercise, in some lone, icy retreat,
Like the Alashka Peninsula Mountain range —
You might perspire a trifle, though that's not strange.

XL.

Go to the English Derby, push through the crowd
And up to the grand-stand and see the proud
Racers when they come in on the home stretch ;
Note how the winners the plaudits do fetch.

XLI.

We are apt to believe, I think, ones' efforts
To unravel mysteries, learn how an elf courts,
Deliver the world of ignorance is never
Counted, but one should be sated in *doing* ever.

XLII.

Try photographing interiors by flash light,
Try — try — let me think — to cut a dash right
Off, from societies' standpoint, a small churl
To convert, then try it with a tall girl.

XLIII.

Poets we've had that have been prolific ; Poe, it
Seems to me, was not one, but yet a poet
He was that shall endure. There was Longfellow,
Lowell, Goethe, and Byron was a strong fellow.

CANTO VII.

XLIV.

Whitman, perhaps Burns, hardly Bryant, Browning,
Cowper, Tennyson and Moore I would be crowning
For wielding a strong, thrifty, untiring pen,
Oh! — and Shakspeare, of course, about ten times ten.

XLV.

Wordsworth wrote much and delightfully too,
There are some I might mention, rightfully few.
Mrs. Browning wrote a great deal for a woman ;
If she'd been a male she'd been a true man.

XLVI.

I've just been reading about the Earl Russell
And Countess Russell and the divorce court bustle,
His trial, and their trials before the trial ;
Unstoppered is a great divorce case vial.

XLVII.

Only damnable are such happenings,
Making the public shudder and sapping springs
Of finer feelings. Scandals ! Scandals ! Let us
Have less of them ; ne'er let them more fret us.

XLVIII.

I intend to know more of the papacy
And quirinal, and how high a sky-scraper be
From a ships' deck ; and go down in Mexico
And see th' Weather Forecast Rock near Chilpancigno.

THE MUSE POETIC.

XLIX.

The Rock, a remarkably strange freak of
Nature, I speak of for who have a sleek love
For the varieties of this sphere's vigor ;
They could not be more, it seems if 'twere bigger.

L.

'Tis one of Old World's economics, a true
Barometer, is pink, hot or cold way through,
A muddy red, crimson, grayish tint — but listen !
Sometimes emits a blue light and doth glisten.



The Muse Poetic.



CANTO VIII.



I.

God save America from any rebellion
And God save old America's good name ;
Damn the dynamiter, also the hellion.
We'll protect the old flag and our high fame.

II.

I mean to have my verses full of patriotism
And running over (this is my manifesto,
Please accept it as such) but hate riotism
And unnatural laws with a manly gusto.

III.

America should be proud of her young men,
But I think I said that once, though, however
It's a good thing to say ; I've only rung, then,
One bell twice in my poetic chime bell (how clever).

THE MUSE POETIC.

IV.

What your eyes see believe ; much must be guessed
At, much remain mystery ; but that you're sure
Of just as you are that the Father o'er distressed
Souls watches, and o'er manes and far, far more.

V.

Who would care to be an aboriginal, drest
Up in bear-skins, with teeth and claw adornment ?
Yet is n't he content, cared for and caressed
By his squaw ? and does he feel way gone — spent ?

VI.

Read of Old Sun's squaw, of she the heroine,
How she dealt with a wily Gros Ventres chief,
How one of the worlds' women dost dare to win ;
The story's a good one although short and brief.

VII.

Read of her defeathered and fringed gear ; her right
To wear three eagle feathers in her tresses ;
How she is considered a woman sir knight ;
Then learn somewhat of the fanciful dresses.

VIII.

Ride round on a travois, see how you like it,
Then see how prettily Old Sun won his bride —
(Not every lover doth so forcibly strike it) ;
Now go on the river and row 'gainst the tide.

CANTO VIII.

IX.

My aim is to win an enormous clientage
And I am doing it every day, no matter
What I say I have this at heart, no iron sledge
Can break it and no sledge can e'er shatter.

X

Peace be to the ashes of all Americas'
Pioneers, and none revere them more than I ;
They had the good strength that a derrick has.
Pretty soon I shall write something on scarabaei.

XI.

Honor for our country must and shall be maintained
At any and all costs ; see to it ye men
That it shall be so. It was the way ingrained
In our forefathers and we were e'en free *then*.

XII.

Each tap, each flam and roll of the snare drum
And piping of the flute, in days agone,
Was answered, obeyed by men who dare come
To front in December as in fair May morn.

XIII.

Each day, each hour, each moment that we live
We can improve so that in after years,
The years that are to be, they surely give
To some seed who in after time appears.

THE MUSE POETIC.

XIV.

Poetasters we've had, perhaps always will
But when a man is well he wants large doses ;
When he is sick he takes the bitter pill
And rather have some nice fruit and large roses.

XV.

I've seen the happiest faces on cripples—
Why is it the cheeriest spirits oft reign in
Uncomely bodies? The lonely brooks' ripples
Are more musical than the rivers we seine in.

XVI.

I mean to be an ornament in the great
Poetical arena, and obtain to highest
Honors and applause, which shall ne'er abate
While heaven smiles on my pen and is nighest.

XVII.

Time is winging its flight and leaving us
Older every day. Who puts himself last
Is *first*, he is the greatest man and thus
It is until immortality is fast.

XVIII.

The order of life is 'Forward! Forward!'
And we should answer to the call and keep
Well to the front or we will go shoreward,
Or descend some precipice or abyss steep.

CANTO VIII.

XX.

It is solacing, like good wine, to know that
One is right. I think John Brown largely right,
Future ages decides ; meanwhile I grow fat
With new conceptions which attain to height ;

XX.

To heights brilliant as crest of Mount Hermon,
Or the sculpturing marvelously intricate
At Indra-Sabha-Temple in my sermon,
More varied than food that ever syndic ate.

XXI.

Custom has decreed that we should be wise
At all times and time has tested it too,
If 'twasn't so our thoughts would droop when the skies
Were reached and in congress there would sit few.

XXII.

I never intend to be quite so very solemn
As the Jews at the wailing of Mosque
El Aksa, in Jerusalem, and all them.
All such worshipers should dwell in a boske.

XXIII.

Go to Argos and gloat o'er treasures of
The past just exhumed, bronzes — in sculptures
A beautiful Hera head, which assures love
For fine art that's hearty if not voluptuous.

THE MUSE POETIC.

XXIV.

Go ye geologists to Island Staffa,
Here find your paradise in Clamshell Cave,
Then to Giant's Causeway and thus have a
Mind for acquiring knowledge that might save.

XXV.

Go and see the Arc of Triumph in Paris,
A magnificent heap of architectural
Beauty surprisingly grand which, methinks, ne'er is
Forgotten; after, come home and lecture all.

XXVI.

Go see the Declaration of Independence,
Heirloom of our infancy, in Washington
And think how we made the Englishmen dance;
'Twill bring inspiration if it don't bring fun.

XXVII.

Get a dahabeeyeh and glide up the Nile,
Bask in the twilight, lave in the sunlight,
Visiting the lands of the Pharaohs the while—
Be quite sure you make the boat run right.

XXVIII.

Go look around in the bottom of the sea
For Neptune's palace near Ægae, or witness
A Genesaret tempest the force and fury
Of which is appalling, not one whit less.

CANTO VIII.

XXIX.

America can't boast of many ancestral
Homes but she can boast of enterprise and
Prosperity. With years she's a woman less tall
Then the Old World but her center lies grand.

XXX.

To be fortunate in one's phraseology,
And in a rhetorical fitness of things,
Is primal and final, like ways astrology
Is studied in this country and makes high flings.

XXXI.

I hate all shamming as I hate all wrong
And shall crush injustice, proclaiming right.
I'll do it with my pen and in this song
And keep my armor buckled for the fight.

XXXII.

I would establish republics over all
The earth, for every nation and country
Where e'er the sun doth rise or set, and fall
On empires dark e'en if they on mount lie.

XXXIII.

But I'd fall with education and with
Schools, with teaching and uptending; saving
The good men I'd cut down all with a scythe,
The others I'd charge with doing and having.

THE MUSE POETIC.

XXXIV.

Each venerable pate I would duly honor ;
A curse would rest on the power the demoness
Mariammon hath o'er India and on her
Head,—India would thank me with freeman's stress.

XXXV.

Disrupted empires I would mend anew,
I'd fill the ship of state to the scuppers,
With most able men, far more than a few ;
No jejune families, yet no late suppers.

XXXVI.

I'd banish bale, no hoiden crowds allow,
Shun wretches suffering vile ways in petto,
And all these things I would straightway avow :
No habitual bacchant would I let go.

XXXVII.

I would spread peace in wigwam and chalet,
Preserve harmony, ousting disloyalty
And prepare a brief against the ballet—
Then I'd try to woo and wed Miss Royalty.

XXXVIII.

Serene in lofty poise of mind and heart,
I would hurl righteousness into the very teeth
Of wrong doers, and thus, I would impart
A cresset brilliancy and win a wreath.

CANTO VIII.

XXXIX

There is a certain something that exists
Uncontrolable, irresistible and e'en
Is not tracable, as often it resists
The highest focus and ever will I ween ;

XL

Betwixt the finite and the infinite there is
No discerning it ; call it what thou wilt, it
Sways us and moves us, just like the fairies
Do with young children when around them flit.

XLI

I would not seek to gain a point by sarcasm
But I could spout it if need be, and I
May yet as 'tis, then descend a far chasm
For the same purpose if the path's not sandy.

XLII

Imagine the ancients dancing on the tiled
Floor of the Assyrian royal palace —
'Tis in touch and keeping with the sweet child
Admiring and fondling a silver chalice.

XLIII

It is in touch with my mellifluent strains,
And in keeping with any princely verbal
Expressionist, who showeth he hath the brains
To carry his point 'gainst great odds and curb all;

THE MUSE POETIC.

XLIV.

In fact juxtaposition with great leaders
And in accord with beautiful clematis
Clinging, entwining, and that doth feed us
With dreams, ingrowing an æsthetic lattice.

XLV.

There are worlds beyond worlds; we have the wide
Telescopic world, and we have the bulky
Microscopic world; just let Pegasus ride
You in these if this world tires, in a sulky.

XLVI.

What ere I've touched I'd tried to celebrate,
How well I've succeeded you may be judge;
Valor I love and baseness really hate
And what I've said I'll maintain and not budge.

XLVII.

Truth transcends the heavens to stars of the seventh
Magnitude, a million orbits go to
Swell heaven's glories. I could write an eleventh
Commandment but I will not now so do.

XLVIII.

'Twould be germane too, and you would say so,
And acknowledge same as quick as a wink,
Or a minute; 'twould, in truth, make my lay go,
But I am afraid 'twould create a stink.

CANTO VIII.

XLIX.

I could also model a pretty bodice
And invent, too, methinks, a stylish basque
That would look well on a venus-goddess,
But I much prefer to wear the poet's mask.

L.

Sixteen hundred lines and now I'm through —
Read at your *otium cum dignitate*.
I've written for the nonce some good to do ;
God speed my readers well in cit and state.



